

The Historie of

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant triall with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The speciall head of all the land together.

The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuals and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not, my L. they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse, yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighell, speede:
For if Lord Percy thriue not, e're the king
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And, t'is but wisdom, to make strong against him:

Therefore make haste, I must go write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, sir Mighell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

King. How bloudily the sunne begins to peare,
Above yon busky hill, the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southeren wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And, by the hollow whistling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then, with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The trumpet sounds, Enter Worcester.

King. How now, my Lord of Worcester? t'is not well,
That you and I should meete vpon such tearmes

Henry the fourth

As now we meete. You haue
And made vs doffe our easie robes
To crush our old limmes in vn
This is not well, my Lord, this
What say you to it? will you ag
This churlish knot of all abhor
And moue in that obedient or
Where you did giue a faire and
And be no more an exhal'd me
A prodigie of feare, and a porte
Of broched mischiefe to the vn

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be
To entertaine the lag end of my
With quiet houres. For I prote
I haue not sought the day of thi

King. You haue not sought it

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way

Prin. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiestie
Of fauour, from my selfe, and al
And yet I must remember you,
We were the first and dearest o
For you my staffe of office did
In Richards time, and posted da
To meete you on the way, and k
When yet you were in place and
Nothing so strong and fortunat
It was my selfe, my brother and
That brought you home, and bo
The dangers of the time. You s
And you did swear that othe at
That you did nothing purpose
Nor claime no further, then yo
The seate of Gaunt, Dukedom
To this, we swore our aid: but in
It rained downe fortune showin
And such a flood of greatnesse fi